Johnny a presucked butterscotch. Fucker.

His wanted to break the records over his head....

*****

Edison shot him. From his dog pound in the sky, Joe looks DOWN on us.

He thinks Lynn Crosby's hot!

He misses the junkyard. He figures if we'd buy his THINGS he'd get out of purgatory.

He can turn tricks, in the grave.

He can't see his ass behind him, but he can smell it.

He can chase his own tail.

He's been picking stiffs all his dog's life. It's his TURN to be CHOSEN.

He'd been the OFFICE BULLY.

He'd bullied BUCKTOOTH VINCE once too often.

Now he can strain his own CLINGERS.

He wishes somebody'd buy his THINGS so he could break this vicious cycle of tail and clingers.

He could get out of pawn and BUY MORE THINGS.

Where was Elaine Mighty Muff? Joe Goldfinger?

Fag Johnny?! A DOG LOVER!

Grrrrr!

Lynn Crosby? Hipster trust-fund baby? IRON KIBBLE BOWL....

Someone like her? HER!!!

Johnny's phone barked like a blunt VICTROLA....

He got the message.

Edison figured that was what happened when you gave dogs free will. They went DIGITAL and turned GAY! Their WANTED poster in the headquarters of EMI. On T-shirts!

Analogue descended like warm rain.

Claudio Muzio lay down with the Coonsinger George W. Johnson.

Who needed hydro? Wasn't it Detroit EDISON?

The light dimmed....

The internet was dying! Was anyone buying?

NOBODY, Columbia Record....